

**SUITCASE**

By Danielle Brame Whiting

*Chelsea is packing a suitcase, struggling to get it closed, and her flatmate, Mish, enters and leans against a doorway (or furniture) watching.*

CHELSEA

Oh, I didn't realise you were home. Could I just get you to sit on top of the suitcase, please?

MISH

If I sit on it, will you talk to me?

CHELSEA

I am talking to you.

MISH

I mean, talk, talk. Not 'how hot is this weather' kind of chit chat, but 'the things we need to say' kind of talking.

CHELSEA

On second thoughts, I'll do this one by myself.

MISH

Are you afraid of what you might say?

CHELSEA

I just think it's pointless.

MISH

What?

CHELSEA

Talking to you about stuff.

MISH

Why?

CHELSEA

Because you don't want to resolve anything! You talk at me. Words and more words. So, it's pointless attempting to have a discussion because even though you say you want to have a discussion, you don't want to have a discussion. Now if you insist on staying in the room would you please just sit on top of this case so I can close it!



*Mish does not move.*

MISH

What are you going to do when I'm not with you to sit on it?

*Exasperated, Chelsea moves behind the suitcase and lies her full body weight over it. She is attempting to squeeze the halves close enough together so that it is easier to zip up.*

MISH

I want to talk this out before you go/

CHELSEA

Ni, Mish, I'm done. You talked through the door this morning while I was trying to go to the toilet. You followed me on my jog, while I was feeding the dog, while I was feeding myself. I begged you to stop. I begged you to give me some peace. As always, you were so busy talking at me that you didn't hear a word I said. When you think you are right about something you are like a pitbull.

MISH

I promise I'll listen.

CHELSEA

How do you plan on breaking the habit of a lifetime?

MISH

I'm going to consciously shut up and listen to what you have to say before responding. A discussion. First you, then me and so on. I can do it.

CHELSEA

I don't think you can.

*Mish moves around to help with the suitcase to prove they can work with Chelsea.*

MISH

I can, Chels, trust me, okay. I think it's important that we talk about this stuff otherwise it will fester and grow into a bigger deal than it needs to be. You're going away and, you know me, I'll start obsessing over our conversations and playing different versions of them out in my head. I have such a vivid imagination, you know. If we just talk about it now while it's still small then nothing festers.



CHELSEA

Look, we don't need to talk about it. Everything is fine. I'm going to be away for two weeks. That's only fourteen days. Then I come back and everything is back to normal. It's just not worth all the fuss you are making.

*Chelsea picks the suitcase up by the handle causing Mish to fall off.*

MISH

I'm going to get in the taxi with you. Is that what you want? I'll shadow you the whole way through customs if I have to. I'll pay for a ticket to..., who cares where, just to get you to talk to me.

CHELSEA

Don't be an idiot.

MISH

I'm being dead serious, Chelsea. Look at my face. This is my serious face. You know I'll do it. You said I'm like a pitbull, right? Well I am. I will follow you for the whole two weeks if it means I can get you to talk about it.

CHELSEA

Fine! I used your toothpaste, okay? I used it, and then forgot to put the lid back on! Are you happy?

MISH

I knew it!

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